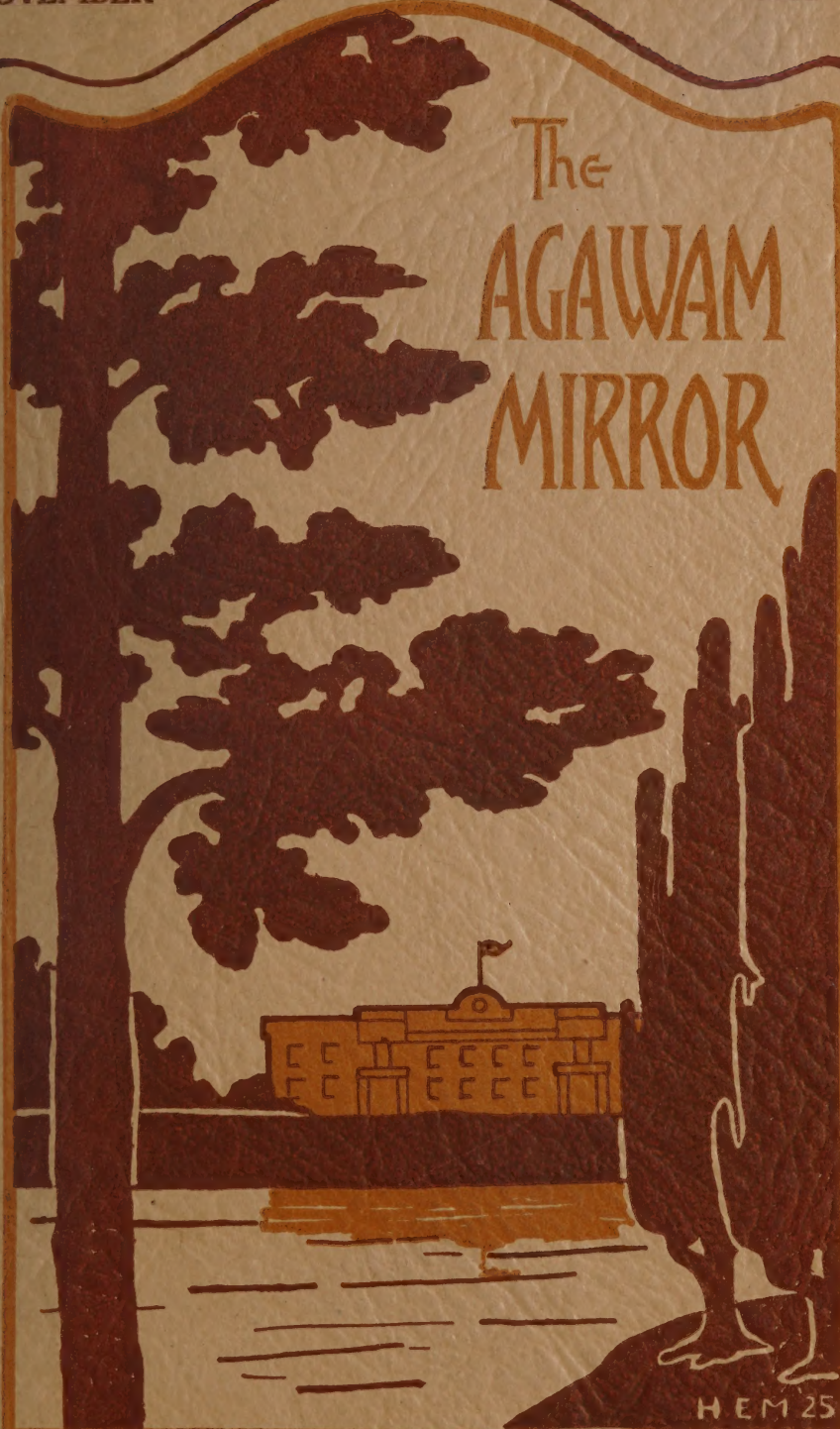


NOVEMBER

1931

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The Silver Lady

By DELLA LAMSON

Tryouts for Cast of Operetta!

Tonite—7.30

It was a simple little notice typed on an ordinary sheet of brown paper, but conspicuously posted on the bulletin board of the Williamsburg High School. In spite of its simplicity, it was causing an immense amount of excitement. Everywhere from the girls' dressing room to the "last minute group of workers" in the "lab," students were discussing it. Groups had gathered in the class-rooms, around the drinking fountains and in the dressing rooms. Each had its own particular leader who aired his views as to who would receive a part in the Operetta and who would not. Everywhere this notice was the chief topic of discussion.

Such was the state of affairs when Patricia Branson, known as Pat to all her friends, arrived at school. She was later than usual that morning because, as mother was working, she had planned to stay at home with her brother, Tom, who had a slight case of the grippe; but Aunt Molly had generously offered to care for him until she could return from school in the afternoon.

As Pat walked into her homeroom, she was greeted by a few of her personal friends. "Hey, Pat, going out for the operetta?" was the inquiry of the small dark-haired girl who sat next to her.

"No, I guess not, not this year." Pat's slow and rather indefinite reply was in perfect accordance with her dreamy attitude, yet there was something about her that made many turn to take a second glance. She was of medium height, with a certain gracefulness of body that comes only with the partaking of plenty of out-door activity.

Her black, widely waved hair hung low in the nape of her neck. Her complexion was not to be compared with that of many girls, who must resort to a tiny box. Two large, black, dreamy eyes were the most prominent features of her well shaped face. This was Pat whom many people misjudged as being "high hat" because of her reserved attitude.

All about her was the steady hum of voices broken occasionally by a burst of laughter from a far corner of the room. Glancing up from a particularly dull section of American History which she had settled down to study, Pat discovered the center of attraction of this noisy group. It was a tall, slender girl with fluffy blonde hair. She was stylishly garbed in a blue, tight-fitting, jersey dress which matched exactly the shade of her eyes which were fringed by heavily darkened eye-lashes. She was Dot, Dot Vanderman, just the type of girl who would be quite popular in a small high school.

The ringing of the 8:55 bell put a stop to all these friendly gatherings. Students ambled leisurely along to their seats and, as Dot passed, Pat recognized the tune she was humming as one that went with a leading part in the Operetta.

At the next bell, Pat quietly and quickly gathered her books for the first class. Walking slowly down the corridor, she was surprised to hear her name called out. She turned to find that it was Dot who was hurrying to catch up to her. "Dot isn't in the habit of walking to classes with me, thought Pat, wondering what she has on her mind."

Dot wasn't long in revealing just what was

on her mind. "Going out for the Operetta, aren't you, Pat," she inquired breathlessly?

"I don't know yet, but I hardly think I will." Out of the corner of her eye, Pat caught an expression of relief.

"You know there's a dance scene in one act," said Dot, "and Mom has promised to let me have a new evening dress for it. Well, I have Algebra this period, so I'll see you later."

"Hmm," thought Pat, "dance scene, new evening gown,—she seems pretty sure of the lead anyway."

This conversation with Dot occupied Pat's thoughts all the morning. Her mind wasn't on her work in any of her classes, and once she was unable to recite when called upon.

The morning passed quickly; and, when the noon bell rang, Pat hurried home.

As both her mother and dad worked in a near-by mill, they always came home to lunch. During the course of the meal, Pat mentioned the fact that there was to be an Operetta try-out that night at school.

"You're going down to it, aren't you, Pat?" asked her Dad.

"I don't see how I can this year, Dad. I have so much homework to do and besides Tom is ill now. I just won't have the time for it."

"Why of course you will, Pat," added her mother. "Tom will be able to care for himself soon, and you can do your homework as soon as you come home from school."

Pat made no reply, but finished her lunch in silence, and returned to school. Upon reaching the building, she went directly to her home room. Voices drifted in to her as she sat in a far corner of the room. Presently a group of boys stopped just outside the door. Pat really didn't mean to be an eavesdropper, but she just couldn't help hearing what they were saying.

"Oh, Dot's pretty sure to get the lead," said one. "She had the second lead, last year you remember, and she's always in some sort of a play."

"How about Pat Branson?" some one asked.

"Oh, she just hasn't enough initiative to do anything like that. She's too backward about coming forward. She's a good sport, though."

Pat's heart skipped a beat. She recognized that voice. It was Don Ledger who had said that. Don was a great favorite in the school. He was captain of the football team, as well as being a Pro Merito member. Pat had secretly admired him ever since her Freshman days.

"So," thought Pat, "I'm a bit backward about coming forward, am I? Well, I'll show him where he's wrong."

That very afternoon, at three o'clock, she hurried as fast as she could down to the music instructor's room. No one was there, but on the desk was a copy of "The Silver Lady," the Operetta to be given by the school. Seizing this, she rushed out of the school and home to the old barn, out behind their house. Way in the back of the barn just under the hay-loft, was a discarded old piano. It had stood there a year, completely covered by cobwebs and a thick layer of dust. It was this that Pat breathlessly ran to. After carefully brushing away the dust with her handkerchief and removing the thickest of the cobwebs, she opened the book, placed it upon the piano and sat down. For several minutes she sat there, playing softly as she sang the light, airy tunes. Having learned the tune of the simple little songs, she left the piano and mounted the stairs to the hayloft of the old barn where, in her childhood days, she had often pretended she was acting on a stage. Here, she threw herself into the part of Peg, the leading lady, who was, in the opening scene, just leaving her family for college where she would have to work her way. She could understand both the humor and the pathos of the scenes. Suddenly, the spell into which she had drifted was broken by the sound of her mother's voice. She quickly picked up her book and walked into the house as if nothing had happened. Her mother, being a wise woman, said nothing.

Throughout the evening meal, Pat remained silent. Her mother realizing what was going on in her mind, led the conversation along such lines that Pat was not forced to enter into it at all.

Supper over, Pat sat down to do her homework. She sat there for a half hour scribbling all over her papers, her mind never once on the work before her. At the

(Continued on page 18)

Old Dobbin's Adventure

One day last week an old laundry horse
found the traces of its wagon detached and
scampered through Times Square.—*The
News Review*, Oct. 12.

By ANNA PIAZZO

Old Dobbin was a good old horse,
He meant to do no harm.
But when he galloped down the street,
He caused a great alarm!

He dodged the hands that came near him,
He fooled them all this time.
He cleared the crowd around him,
And sped away on time.

He galloped down our old Broadway,
Through the traffic sped,
And everyone who came his way
Was thrown upon his head.

His master followed in a cab,
Waving his furious arms.
He called, and screamed, and honked his
horn,
But put no end to this alarm.

Up the thoroughfare he went,
Past the buildings high;
To his master no ear he lent
Tho woeful was his cry.

The free look died from out his eyes,
Old Dobbin's strength was spent;
The cab was gaining, so were the cries,
And Dobbin's course was spent.

Through the crowded streets he went,
Bucking to and fro.
To catch the horse all hands were lent,
Where could old Dobbin go?

Old Dobbin had his gallant spree.
No more would he stray.
And when his master caught his line,
Old Dobbin did not neigh.

Anna Piazza.

Our Tropical Neighbor

By EDMUND SMITH

We sailed from New York, pier 13, East River, one cold, late November day. Having gone aboard about an hour before the ship was due to sail, we looked down onto the dock beneath, where trunks and baggage were being loaded onto the ship, with huge derricks.

Shortly, three big tug-boats, looking like midgets against the huge bulk of the liner, set their noses into the stern of the ship to hold it against the downward current of the East River, as the liner backed away from the dock. After sailing down the bay for an hour, we watched the harbor pilot leave the steamer in a rowboat, to join his comrades in the pilot boat waiting nearby.

The three days' trip to Havana proved uneventful, being three days of smooth sailing. We met with warm, mild weather while sailing in the gulf stream.

On entering the Havana Harbor, the ship passes directly by the famous old Spanish fortress, Morro Castle. This fortress was used by the Spaniards to imprison Cuban revolutionists during the Spanish-American War (and incidentally it is the prison where some of the Cuban rebels are at the present date, enjoying a game of cards.) In this fortress there is a room in which a slide leads down into the shark-infested waters around the fort. Many prisoners have been pushed down this slide to a very horrible death.

From the other side of the ship as it passes Morro Castle, we looked upon the well known Havana drive called "El Prado" which leads to the newly built capitol. In the middle portion of this drive is a wide, granite walk about four feet higher than the street, with trees on both sides. It is a very beautiful avenue.

On leaving the dock, the stranger is in the very old part of the city, completely foreign; narrow streets and sidewalks, houses painted in bright colors. For the population of the city, about 550,000, it covers a very large area. It may be interesting to mention here that there are over 1200 taxi-cabs in the city and that one can go anywhere in the first zone for ten cents.

This city is an ideal place for a person to shop as there are many attractive stores where one can easily spend money.

In 1848, President Polk tried to purchase Cuba from Spain for one million dollars and now there are several blocks alone in the city which are worth over a million dollars.

The public high school in Havana is called "El Instituto." It is so overcrowded that the Freshmen and Juniors go in the morning from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty, and the Sophomores and Seniors go in the afternoon from one to four. There are four periods in the morning and four in the afternoon, there being no study periods. Instead of the students changing classes, the professors change.

There are four subjects for every pupil, in each of the class years. Pupils have no choice.

The boys and girls are in different buildings. All the boys are obliged to wear military uniforms and school life is run in military fashion. The school is divided into different companies, each having its own captain and officers. Positions are obtained by getting high averages in school work.

The girls, also, all dress the same. They wear long, blue skirts and white blouses. The first year girls wear one stripe around the skirt, the second year girls two, etc.

The boys wear stripes on their caps indicating their class.

Pupils are expelled from school one, three, five or ten days for misdemeanors, the time of expulsion regulated according to the degree of misbehavior. If, during the entire year, a pupil has missed fifteen days by being expelled, he cannot take the final examinations.

The boys' school has swimming, track and basketball teams. They don't play football because it's too warm most of the year.

In other sections of the city, other than the business sections, one finds little grocery stores at every other corner. These stores are different from American stores as they are open on two sides. Sugar is very cheap, and in some stores if one buys a certain amount of goods, five or ten pounds of sugar is given free to the purchaser.

The country life in Cuba is quite different from the country life in the U. S. A. The farmers live in little wooden huts which have dried palm branches for a roof. This kind of roof is used because it lasts much longer than a wooden roof, and is much easier to build.

Many fruits are grown out in the country which the average American hasn't ever heard of. One of these is the "Zapote"

which looks like a potato on the outside, and on the inside is brownish green. It is my favorite fruit. I can't describe its taste as it is unlike any fruit we have in the States. Another is the "Mamey" which looks like a football, only a little smaller, and is of a bright red color outside. Other fruits include the "Mangoes" and "Anones." These fruits are unknown in the north because it is difficult to ship them.

A favorite dish is fried bananas. The bananas used for frying are a little different from the others and when they are done right they make a good tasting dish. The Cuban corn beef and cabbage is rice and black beans, cooked together, commonly called "Moros y Christianos," Moros meaning Moors; and Cristianos, Christians. They got this name because the Spaniards and Moors had been at war for a long time; rice for the Christians, and black beans for the Moors, later being made into one dish.

Maybe you will think that I am praising the food too highly. Well, you'll have to try it some time and taste it for yourself.

Good food is not the only good point about Cuba. The average tourist misses contact with Cuban people. You will find them good natured, very generous and hospitable. It is a beautiful island.

New England Autumn

By ELEANOR WRIGHT

The welcoming colors of autumn—
Red, orange, yellow, and brown,
Spread the radiant, glorious sunshine
In every village and town.

The wind played with the oak's golden
tresses
And gently shook them down,
To cover the earth's bare furrows
With a blanket of golden brown.

The falling leaves twirled and twisted,
They fluttered and scurried around,
Sending a strange, sweet fragrance
Over the dew-damp ground.

Editorial

A NEW TEACHER

Old Man Depression has not passed by our high school. Marks of his visit can plainly be seen on the students. Mr. Depression has been teaching some students the value of the American dollar.

Those boys and girls who have had to get out and earn a part of their expenses have long known a dollar's true value. But the boy or girl who has always had spending money given liberally each week, has been brought abruptly to a realization of money values. In 1928, Tom was in the habit of saying to dad and mother, "I'll get a new suit next week." In 1931, Tom says, "I wish I might have a new suit." Tom is becoming concerned with the financial problems of the family because they are infringing on his luxuries. So when he hears his father and mother discussing these things he listens; he is getting his first taste of true money values.

Tom is not just a particular boy; his circumstances are parallel to those of a great many high school students. When Tom used to be refused money for moving pictures, he adopted the attitude of Tony Lumpkins and tried to wheedle it out of his mother. But now Tom knows that a refusal means, "No."

Dad and mother are making many sacrifices to send Tom to school, and the knowledge of these sacrifices increases his determination to work hard and sincerely. Right here in Agawam High, we have evidences of this. Teachers report that pupils are showing a more sincere earnestness toward their work. Pupils are feeling that they must make going to school worth the price of their parents' sacrifices.

Though Old Man Depression is here among us, let us not be discouraged, for he is teaching us his one good lesson—thrift. Let us all get back of him and push him to his lair where he shall die in solitary confinement from lack of sustenance.

Among the happy days of the first few months of school, there came a shadow. Miss Justine Healy, who is an associate editor of *The Agawam Mirror*, was stricken with infantile paralysis.

Miss Healy is still at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. She greatly appreciates the letters and cards sent her.

As far as is known, Miss Healy will suffer no ill effects from the dreadful malady and we sincerely hope she will soon be among us again.

Try it for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—Richter.

Four Cups Come To Agawam

By IDA RICCI

The Commercial Department's "fattened pig," the lucky mascot has added to its excellent reputation, for it accompanied the participants of the Agawam High School, in the State Typewriting and Shorthand Contest, which was held at Burdett College last June.

It was a pleasant, sunny, Friday afternoon when the automobiles carrying the contestants left the Agawam High School at 1 o'clock. The beautiful scenery of Boston Road helped to make the trip to Boston an enjoyable one, although practically all conversation and thoughts were centered upon the coming events. At five-thirty, the Brunswick Hotel, our destination, was reached with everyone tired but happy. Soon rested, we prepared to go to the Metropolitan Theater from which we returned before the performance was completed, despite all protests to remain longer.

The following morning (Saturday, the day of the contest) proved to be cloudy, but this did not affect us for we were eager and impatient to perform the task awaiting us. It was with big hopes that we rode to Burdett College.

The Typewriting Contest took place first. Participants of this contest were divided into three sections, according to the number of years they had competed in the subject. Miss McIntire entered two pupils in each of the three divisions for it took two to win the team cup. Directions having been given, a loud shrill whistle gave the signal to commence. Nothing was heard but the clicking of keys for fifteen consecutive minutes until finally the sharp whistle was again heard, causing the clicking to cease immediately, for the contest was ended.

The Typing Contest was followed by the Shorthand Contest, two girls having been entered from Agawam. While the latter test was taking place Mr. Robar, representative of the Underwood Co., relieved the monotony of waiting by taking us sight-seeing, for our teachers had to remain at the college to correct tests. The places visited were only seen in spite of our escort's attempt to make them interesting as every-

one's mind was on the contest. Each one of the group was certain that they had been complete failures. Thoughts of facing Miss McIntire, when we returned at three, to hear the results of the contests, were dreaded. But the time finally came. We rode to the college with rapidly beating hearts filled with anxiety and fear. Our nervousness increased as we sat impatiently in the Assembly Hall of Burdett College waiting for the awards to be made. The suspense was becoming unbearable. Finally the cups were placed on the platform table, indicating that they were about to be awarded. At length the announcement that Phyllis Ham of Shrewsbury, Mass., had won first place in the third year group echoed through the hall. Our hearts sank as everyone moved about nervously. Had we really failed? "Lorraine Wilson of Agawam wins second prize having written 74 net words." Had we heard correctly? We had.

Louise Caruso's net number of words when averaged in with Lorraine's proved to be the highest of the third year division, thus giving Agawam the silver cup. After the loud applause had finally ceased, the remainder of the prizes were awarded. The result showed that Norma Broggi had won first prize in the second year typist's division by writing 78 net words a minute, while Louise Meyer had won second place writing 64 net words a minute. In the first-year division, Ida Ricci had won first prize writing 58 net words a minute and Francis O'Connor had succeeded in winning second place having written 48 words a minute in the same group. Thus the three cups came to Agawam. We were all completely stunned with joy, only half realizing our great success, when the announcement that Norma Broggi had won first place in the Shorthand Contest, having written at the rate of 60 words per minute without a single error, was made. Bernice Merrill came third having written at the same rate with only two errors thus giving Agawam another cup.

After having received all our medals and cups we made ready for home with light and cheery hearts, for we and the lucky mascot had done our duty.

Mirrored Events

By EDSON FERRELL

WISDOM FOR HIGH SCHOOL PEOPLE

"Why do you go to school? What are you endeavoring to do here in school?" These questions, answered by Superintendent Phelps in a recent talk, touched a subject concerning all of us.

We go to high school, he reminded us, to continue our childhood effort to learn about things, and to acquire a knowledge of how they are done. As students, our aim should be to acquire a fund of knowledge, and the power of selecting from this fund of knowledge those facts which are useful in the solution of life's knowledge. An ordered mind should be our goal. These factors, a fund of knowledge and selective ability are of paramount importance for high school students.

ASSEMBLY SPEAKERS

Professor Wells of Massachusetts State College gave an interesting talk in October, on the Early History of Education, starting as far back as the Egyptians, and continuing to the Greeks and the Romans. He showed clearly the gradual growth and expansion of education through these ages.

On Thursday, November 12th, Dr. R. W. Stimson, Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts, addressed the students. Dr. Stimson, who is not unknown to the school, spoke on "The Park that Schools Play in America, and in the Improvement of Rural Living."

Dr. Stimson stressed the fact that a pupil should choose for himself a project to work upon which would lead him to higher accomplishments. He stated that a wise choice of project would prove an invaluable aid to a future career.

Dr. Stimson is the originator of the project method of education in vocational agriculture which he referred to in his talk.

JERRY OF JERICHO ROAD

"Jerry of Jericho Road," the choice for the annual operetta of Agawam High School, under the careful direction of Miss Perry, was successfully given November 20.

Each member of the cast displayed special talent in his particular part.

Jerry, an Indian girl, was played by Beulah Rivers; Allan, a wealthy ranch owner, by Alfred Goulet; John, Allen's cousin, by Walter Mosely; Sandy, Jerry's cousin, by Fern Miller; Mimi, an American flapper, by Marguerite Tatro; Dora, an old maid, by Dorothy Brown; Mr. Bean, a tourist, by Byron Brown; Uncle Pete, a mailman, by Frank Goss; Mr. Hunter, a detective, by Kenneth Brown; Lettice Bank, Sandy's Mother, by Edna Rust; Amos Bank, Sandy's father, by James Wright.

The singing chorus showed hard work on the part of both students and teacher. The eight girls, trained by Miss Edgell, added a pleasant feature to the performance.

To Anthony Zerra's efficient business management, great credit must be given. The scenery was made under the supervision of Miss Crowley and Mr. Dacy. The costumes were supervised by Miss Deely. The lighting effects were contributed by Mr. Conkey.

BACK-YARD DIAMONDS

As usual the pupils of the Agawam High School took a large share of the prizes given at the Eastern States Exposition, for 4H club work.

In Junior High Angelo Boromi, 7th prize on dairy \$10 and second in judging; Ethel Smith, 3 firsts on flowers \$2.50; Norma Bailey, \$5 on a lamb, Frederick Raynor, 2nd on potatoes, 50 cents, 1st on pop corn, \$1;



THE CAST OF "JERRY OF JERICHO ROAD"

\$1.; Howard Bailey, 3rd on calf, \$28, 4th on sheep, \$5.; Jean Pierson 3rd on canning, medal; Donald Dickinson, \$26 on sheep; Esther De Palma, 2nd on baby beef, \$30.; John Roscato, 1st on tomatoes, \$2, 2nd on squash, and 3rd on watermelons; Charles Brown won 24 prizes, too many to list but totaling \$25.

The Senior High also made a good showing. Alice Balboni, 3rd in judging, 75 cents; Kenneth Brown, 3rd in calf, \$32.; Jennie Caruso, 2nd on canning, 75 cents; Creighton Abrams, baby beef, \$30.; Helen Ramak, canning, \$1.15; Muriel Fraser, canning, 40 cents; Elizabeth Abrams, pig, \$6.; Hollis Kane, calf, \$15; Jean Grant, 1st on flowers, \$1.; Henri Benoit, pigs, \$3 and garden produce, 75 cents; Chester Waneiwski, pig, \$12. and Harold Bailey, 8 prizes on sheep, \$52.

The total cash prizes won by students is \$269.80. Surely a diamond in anyone's backyard.

THE SOPHOMORE PARTY

The Sophomore party, given October 29, in the school auditorium, was a great success. It was well attended by class members, and the class felt especially honored by the large attendance of the faculty.

The success of this party was due to the splendid co-operation of the different committees, aided by Ronald Johnson, president of the Sophomore class, Elizabeth Bloom, general chairman, and the Sophomore teachers, Miss Phealan, Miss Belyea, and Miss Mansfield.

The committee headed by Jane Hamblen, decorated the auditorium with orange and black streamers and corn stalks. Adele Swanson had charge of the invitations which were printed by a member of the class, Daniel DiDonato.

At seven-thirty, the students and faculty began to arrive, and were received by the ushers: C. Moore, M. Barnard, H. Gensheimer, J. Hamblen, F. Lucardi, and B. Tulloch. After the grand march, the class

and their guests enjoyed themselves by playing bridge or dancing. During the intervals of dancing, a very pleasing entertainment planned by Elaine LaFleche, was given. A short skit by Joseph Assad and Daniel DiDonato was especially enjoyed by all.

Myrven Barnard and Lina Lodi won the prizes for the cleverest costumes, Robert Smith and Doris Svenson for the funniest costumes. The refreshments were in charge of a committee headed by Catherine Spaight.

Adele A. Swanson '34.

MOVING PICTURES

The students of this school have been extremely fortunate in having several moving pictures shown for their benefit. These pictures showed various processes of the manufacture of everyday products such as iron, steel, and cement. Other pictures showed the cultivation and preparation of certain foods, such as coffee.

These pictures, it must be understood, are not intended as entertainment, but they have a definite purpose, that of graphically illustrating the various processes of manufacture and cultivation. They are, in short, educational pictures.

Appreciation For You!

The guide was showing a party of visitors over the ruins of an old castle.

"This castle," he began, "is very historical, very historical; it goes back to the reign of Charles I, and is just as it was when it was built—not a stick nor a stone has been touched for 300 years!"

"Ah," murmured one of the visitors, "must be the same landlord as ours."

—*Republican.*

Seedlings

Junior High

By FLORENCE RASCHI

HONOR ROLL

The Junior High School Honor Roll for the first marking period is as follows:

Paul Adams, Rose Alvigini, Jean Atwater, Albert Davis, Lorraine Geoffrion, Ruth Kerr, William Littifield, Agnes Swanson, Malcolm Tetreault, Anna Gazar, Bertha File and Elvira Penna.

June Wheeler, Ethel Smith, David Guy, Ruth Smith, Doris Rouillard, Clara Vergnani, Mary Hart, Phyllis Gosselin, Alfred Tompkins, Phyllis Selwood, Catherine Shaer, Josephine Raffinetti, Helen Racheck, Rita Galvin, Rita Donais, Madeline Conte, Edith Cesan, Joseph Wegiel, Leonard Carulli, Jenny Zulenski, Lawrence Scherpa, Anna Massa, Richard Taylor, Dorothy Copeland, Nest Pugh, Helen Kupciencki.

Arthur Loomis, Martha Schultz, Myron Smith, Harl Nurnett, Vivian Cordes, Annie Tinti.

COLUMBUS DAY

On October 9, a Columbus Day program was presented in Assembly. The play, given almost entirely by seventh grade students, was ably supervised by Miss Deeley.

Diego's Dream

Scene—School at which Columbus left his son, Diego, during his voyage to the New World.

Story—Boys tease Diego. He disputes schoolmaster's teaching that the earth is flat. He is punished and made to wear a dunce cap. He resolves to run away, but falls asleep at his desk, and, in his dream, sees his father refusing to turn back from the voyage he has undertaken. Diego is inspired to continue his schooling by the example set by his father.

Characters

Diego.....Henry Lecour
Schoolboys: Fred Nardi, Fred Grasso,
Walter Bradley, Bernard Tatro, Harold
Wright
Schoolmaster.....David Blackburn
A visitor.....Royleon Linnehan
Columbus.....David Guy
Mate.....Vincent Gallerani
Sailors: Veto Ceccarini, Joseph Bradley,
Thomas Ashe

Ruth Waterbury entertained with two piano selections: "The Highway Call," and "Gypsy Anna."

A group of seventh grade girls presented two songs.

Florence Raschi, '35.

ARMISTICE DAY

We held our Armistice Day program on November 10, in the Assembly Hall.

Program

Mignonette Overture.....School Orchestra
Baumaun
Opening Address.....Phyllis Gosselin
"Aftermath".....June Wheeler
"Armistice Day".....Rita Galvin
"November 11".....Alfred Tompkins
"They Surely Know".....Vincent Gallerani
"The Unknown".....Mary Hart
"Values".....David Guy
"Word of the Wind".....Ruth Smith
A drill by the Boy Scouts

After the program, the school sang World War songs.

Much of the credit for the performances is due to Miss Barnes, who supervised the program. Senior High pupils considered the program an excellent one, as did the whole student body.

Athletics

WALTER MOSELY

THE BEST BETTERED

Northampton at Agawam

The football squad was a week late in becoming organized through the delayed opening of school. However, Mr. Smith, with the faithful co-operation of the boys, was able to construct a team by October 2, when we met the Northampton team on our field. Mr. Smith's hard coaching was rewarded with a score of 35-0, the Agawam goal line not once being crossed. Benoit, Tisdell, and Provo each made a touchdown, and Jones made two. Every trial for the point was successful. This showed that the Agawam line was working as well as the backfield.

Agawam at Enfield

After a week of practice, the team journeyed to Enfield (on October 9), where they defeated that team by a score of 13-0. This game was harder for our boys, but a double reverse surprised Enfield and Brinker carried the ball almost to the goal. Benoit carried it across for a touchdown and Jones scored the point. The other touchdown was made by Benoit who intercepted a pass on Enfield's 30-yard line, and ran around their whole team for a touchdown.

Palmer at Agawam

The next game was called off on account of rain, so the boys had two weeks of hard work before they met Palmer at Agawam on October 23. This team was out to beat

Agawam; but they also failed to cross our goal line, although we scored 19 points on them. Benoit, Jones, and Tisdell each scored a touchdown, and although only one trial for a point was successful, the game was considered a success for Agawam. The final score was Agawam 19, Palmer 0.

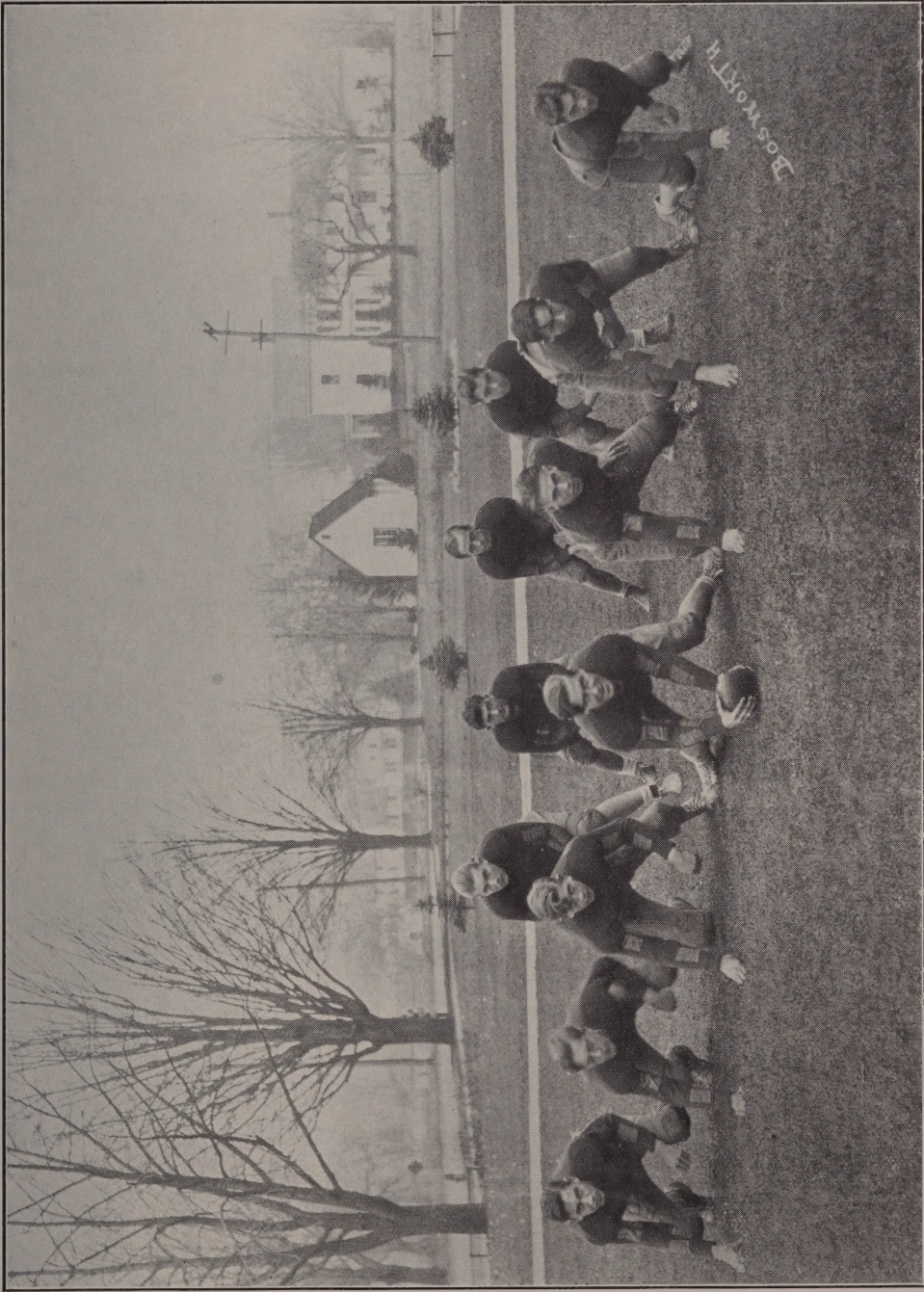
Agawam at Ware

On October 30, our boys met the Ware team at Ware. Here again, they kept their goal line uncrossed. After much hard work, the team obtained a position from which Provo scored a touchdown. Jones scored the point, and that was the only scoring of the game. The final score was Agawam 7, Ware 0.

West Springfield at Agawam

On November 6, the Agawam team met West Springfield at Agawam. The sidelines were packed with spectators, many of them expecting to see Agawam defeated for the first time of the season, but the West Side boys failed. Although they reached the four-yard line where Agawam held them for four downs, they could not, at any time, cross the goal line. Our boys found it quite easy to score. Jones registered 30 points, Provo 13, and Tisdell 1, making the final score Agawam 34, West Side 0. The Agawam boys played hard and well, especially Benoit, the fullback, who played more than three-fourths of the game with broken thumb.

(Continued on page 21)



Agawam's undefeated, unscored on, and untied football team, and champions of the Twin State Conference League. The team has made the best record in Western Massachusetts and there is only one other in the state which equals it, New Bedford.

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Agawam

(Continued from page 6)

sound of voices outside the house, she started and seemed to come out of the trance in which she had been ever since school closed.

"Mother," she said, pulling on a sweater, "I'm going down to school for a while." With that, she rushed out the back door. She fairly flew down to the school-house. She was about fifteen minutes late, and the rehearsal had already started. Upon opening the heavy front door, a sharp clear voice floated down to her. Her knees seemed to weaken, but it was too late to turn back now, as some others were already coming up the walk behind her. She'd have to go in.

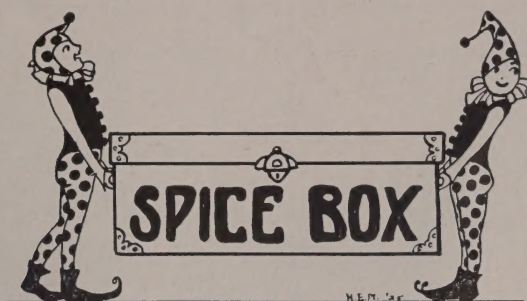
She had to admit, when she entered the assembly, that Dot certainly made an impressive picture. She was standing in the middle of the stage, dressed for the occasion in a black satin suit which set off perfectly her blonde hair. Her clear voice seemed to penetrate the very walls of the room.

Pat noticed that Don was among the group of boys seated down in the front row. His eyes were focused on Dot and he was unconscious of anything that went on about him. Pat quietly took a place at the side of the hall and nervously waited her turn. She hadn't waited long, however, when the music director asked if she cared to try out, and what part she cared to try out for. To her own astonishment as well as to that of the others, she calmly replied that she would like to try out for the leading part, and then nervously stumbled up the steps to the platform.

Try as she would, Pat could not keep her voice from quavering. She was interrupted twice by the instructor who asked her to please sing louder. Each of these interruptions caused her to become more embarrassed than before. Her face became flushed and her knees shook. In her nervousness, her voice cracked on a high note. To add to her embarrassment, the instructor cut her off in the middle of the song and told her that that would be all.

"Oh, the embarrassment of it all!" thought Pat, to have that happen in front of everyone, especially Don. Grabbing her sweater on the way out, she never stopped running until she reached the seclusion of her own comforting room. Undressing quickly, she

(Continued on page 20)



Spoonerism!

Teacher to Tony Zerra: "Zony Terror, did you hand in your paper?"

Novel At Any Rate!

Mr. Hadley to Physics student: "What happens when a hydraulic ram is sheared?"

Student (seriously): "When a hydraulic ram is sheared, steel wool is the resultant product."

A New Method!

John Hastings, proving a proposition in Geometry: "Line A-B bicycles the angle."

Doggone!

Five-year-old Daughter: "Look at that funny man across the street."

Mother: "What is he doing?"

Daughter: "He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana skin."—*Republican*.

Sophomore English Student to Miss Button (glancing over the various corrections on his paper): "Miss Button, what are all these 'cows' for on my paper?"

Miss Button: "You herd all those 'cows' together young man, and after school we'll study *construction* of sentences!" (cons. for construction)

A Natural Question

Author: "This is the plot of my story.—A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward a house. They scale a wall and force open a window of the house. As they enter the room, the clock strikes one."

Girl (breathlessly): "Which one?"

—*Hummel*, Hamburg.

How Odd!

Miss McIntire to Shorthand class: "Put a circle around all words left out."

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(Continued from page 18)

threw herself on the bed and lived over again the mortifying events of the past hour. She must have fallen asleep, for the next she knew her mother was peeking in at the door. Pat closed her eyes tight and feigned sleep for she just couldn't tell mother what a failure she had been.

The next morning, Pat awoke with a heavy feeling in her heart. Suddenly it all came back to her. The horrible events of the night before seemed like a dream. As she arose and slowly dressed, she wondered how she was ever going to face those in school today. But Lady Luck came to her rescue. Tom was no better and Aunt Molly had gone home last night. That meant she would have to stay at home to take care of Tom.

She dreaded facing the family at the breakfast table, but when they asked her how she came out at the try-out she simply replied, "No one will know what the outcome is until today." How relieved she was when Dad picked up his paper, and both he and mother hurried off to work.

The hours lagged. It seemed to Pat that the morning would never end. After what seemed ages, she began to prepare lunch. Rushing around tending to this and that, and setting the table, she forgot about herself for a while. Just after the noon whistle blew, someone rang the front door-bell.

"Who can that be?" she wondered, as she wiped her hands on the sides of her dress and hurried out to see.

When she opened the door, she was taken back by surprise. Standing there on the steps, both hands in his pockets, face and neck red from embarrassment, was Don.

"Why, er—, hello Don," stammered Pat. "What's on your mind?" It was all she could do to speak, her heart was pounding so.

"Well, I thought I'd stop on my way home to lunch to tell you that you have the lead in the Operetta. Miss Macey told us this morning. Just thought you would be wanting to know. Oh yes, don't know whether or not you'd be interested, but it happens that I play opposite you, as I have a lead also."

"Oh! thanks for telling me, Don; I was wondering. I'm glad you have a part too, but I feel sorry for you, knowing that you have to play opposite me."

"I don't. You see I didn't try out for that part until after you left last night. But I've got to go now, so I'll stop for you on the way to rehearsal tonight."

"What a victory!" thought Pat, as she hurried back to the kitchen.

Middletown Game

On November 13, the Woodrow Wilson High School of Middletown, Conn., journeyed to Agawam. They came prepared to give the Agawam team a good trimming, but they were doomed to failure. Our Agawam boys played like the champions they are, and in the first two opening plays of the game, they had crossed the Nutmeggers' goal line. After that, it was Agawam's game; the backs ran wild, even with the absence of Benoit, the regular fullback. Jones scored twenty-one points; Provo, twenty points; and Tisdell, eight. Due credit must be given Parent, who, although he has played guard all season, with only three days of practice, played fullback. Grimaldi, Connors, and Augustino gave a good account of themselves despite the fact that they were unexperienced.

BASKETBALL FORECAST

The basketball team gives full promise of having just as successful a season as the football team has had. Four regulars, Captain Benoit, Jones, Tisdell, and Moseley will resume their respective positions on the team. The only position not filled is that of guard played last year by Captain Daly. It is probable that Provo will fill this position. With three experienced boys as a nucleus, Mr. Smith will build up a team which will play hard and skillfully.

GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

The class games were completed Thursday, November 12th, 1931. They were of interest to every student in the Senior High School. The Seniors won their class numerals by beating the Juniors 2-1, the Sophomores 2-0, and the Freshmen 2-1. The Sophomores turned the Freshmen back by a score of 2-1. The Agawam Varsity team will meet the West Hartford team on Monday, November 30.

Rita Provost, '33.

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Agawam

Alumni

NORMA BROGGI

Six of the 1931 graduates have returned to Agawam High School seeking to add to their general knowledge: Pearl Bean, Eleanor Johnson, Frances Figiel, Alice Balboni, Virginia McVeigh, and James Wright.

Among the 1931 graduates who have secured positions, are Julius Thormeyer who is working part time at Sears and Roebuck's; Frances Montagna and Louise Caruso, both the United States Envelope Company, in Springfield; Harold and John Roos, also employed at Sears and Roebuck's. Louise Caruso is also taking a Civil Service Course. Florence Bradford and Florence Johnson are doing good work at the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, as are also Louise Meyer, Esther Johnson, and Sylvia Bardwell, at the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Adrienne Roy is employed at the National Library Bindery in West Springfield, and Edith Pisano and Thelma Smith go to Commerce High School for further training when their day's work is done. Edith Pisano works at the Emerson Box Company, where Thelma Smith also worked for a time. Charles Marsh is at present working on a farm in Feeding Hills.

Mildred Bitgood, Florence Cowles, Phyllis Jones, Dorothy Smith, and Lorraine Wilson, Beatrice and Helen Casanova, Amy Cote, Nellie Davis, Sylvia Hunter, Kenneth Wright, and Elva Johnson are at home for the present. Kenneth Wright has worked at John Hall's Gasoline Station for a time, and Henry Madden, now at home, plans to enter the Beebe Laboratories in Springfield, soon. Rockwell Cascella, too, is working at a Socony Gas Station, just across the Agawam Bridge. We hear that Chester

Pilch is working on a farm in Feeding Hills, and that Franklin Brockett has begun a worthy project—that of raising beef for the market, on his own home farm.

As this goes to press, we cannot be sure whether the rumor that Arthur Ruffo has joined the "Follies" is not just an idle one.

Several of the graduates have decided to become nurses. There's Alma Smith at Hartford City Hospital. What a nurse she'll make! Then there's Catherine Statkun and Marian Wilson at the Mercy Hospital. Dorothy Bryce, too, is in training at the Springfield Hospital, where Orpha Hastings was planning to secure her training before she was taken sick. We hear she is well on the road to recovery, however, and will be able to start in training very soon.

Demure Mary O'Connor has secured a typing position at Brigham's Clothing Store in Springfield.

Julia Chriscolo and Mae Novelli are at Westfield Normal. Verda Fitzgerald, Emma Ricci, and Clarence Daly are all at Bay Path Institute.

Ethel Jenks we hear, is going to be married, but she won't say when. The lucky fellow is Mr. Clifford Rankin.

At Massachusetts State College are Alma Colson, Marilyn Donaldson, and Irene Govoni. We wonder if they get together often and talk over old times at Agawam!

Bion Wheeler is at Dartmouth College; Gordon Johnson at Northeastern University, Boston; and Catherine Ashe is at New Rochelle College, New York. Dorothy Hastings has attempted the unusual—

(Continued on page 24)

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A. M. P.: "That's funny, I thought I heard something.—*The Scholastic.*"

3,272 people died of gas last year. 41 inhaled it, 31 lighted it by touching a match to it, 3,200 stepped on it.

—*The Scholastic.*

EXCHANGES

In our Mid-Winter Number, we shall express our opinion regarding the best feature articles, poems, editorials, and stories we have found in our exchanges.

We wish you all a successful year.

(Continued from page 22)

she's going to be a "gym" teacher and is securing her training at the Boston School of Physical Culture, the very school Miss Edgell, our present physical instructor, has graduated from.

A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Lewis of New London, Conn. The baby, Remington Holmes Lewis, is the son of Eunice Perrigo of the class of 1928.

Louise Shields, of the class of '28, was married recently to Harold Danforth. Doris Parker was bridesmaid at the wedding, which was held at the bride's home. The couple are now residing at Elm Street, Agawam. Mrs. Danforth was editor of the *Mirror* in her senior year.

A bishop had been speaking with some strong feeling about the use of cosmetics by girls. He said: "The more experience I have with lipstick, the more distasteful I find it."—*The Scholastic.*

No one knows what he can do till he tries.—*Publius Syrus.*

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

Any man can hold the helm when the sea is calm.—*Publius Syrus.*

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